

THE MODERN
A R T
OF
Breeding B E E S,
A
P O E M.

By JOSHUA DINSDALE, A. M.



L O N D O N:
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THE MUSEUM

A. R. T.

OF

Breeding B. F. S.



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A R T
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Breeding B E E S.



IMMORTAL Bard! that on *Italian*
Plains

First sung the Loves; and Labour,
of the Swains;

Whom the distinguish'd Favour of the Nine
Inspir'd with all the Power of Song divine,
Pardon, if I an arduous Subject chuse,
The fav'rite Theme of thy celestial Muse;

At 2

Not

Not emulous of equalling thy Fame,
 But proud to join with thine my humble Name:
 'Twas thine to sing with next to Heav'nly Art,
 'Tis mine some new Discov'ries to impart.

After their Origin, th' industrious Bees
 Dwelt in the clefted Rocks, or hollow Trees,
 And in the Grot's Recefs, or Leafy Shade
 The Wonders of their fragrant Art display'd.

With the sweet Odours of fair blooming Flow'rs,
 We call'd them from the Woods to ready Bow'rs,
 And made them Love the Hive: for offer'd Gain
 Will cheat the careful Bee, and simple Swain.
 Thus Hives were first with Golden Honey fraught,
 And their Republics sharpen'd human Thought,
 Inspir'd, with Love of Public Good, Mankind,
 'Till Fraud and Luxury debauch'd the Mind.

But, difficult's the Task, with curious Eye
 Into the Myst'ries of their State to pry,

For

For cautious, they avoid an open Light,
 And hide their Labours from the Robber's Sight.
 Shou'd any Spy disturb their balmy Seat,
 They strive with Stings his Treach'ry to defeat,
 And boldly fly in the Invader's Face
 To make him inobservant shun the Place.

Yet still the sweet industrious Kind invite
 The raptur'd Muse to bring their Praise to light,
 (Tho' Honey all their wise Ambition raise)
 And consecrate them in her grateful Lays.

The Sage with Art and searching Thought endu'd,
 Who subtle Nature's inmost Secrets view'd,
 By quick Invention a nice Hive compos'd,
 And in transparent Glafs the Bee inclos'd,
 Which all the Wonders of the State display'd,
 And open both their Art and Manners laid.

Hence will the Bard his Observations bring,
 Nor in false Strains, tho' sweetly, dare to sing.

When

When Ev'ning paints the Heav'ns with rosy Stains;
 And Flow'rs smell sweet upon the dewy Plains,
 The Bee returning prudent wings its Way,
 Nor sleeps fortuitous, like Birds, a Prey,
 But in its Cell is lost in Sleep profound;
 Tho' the Rain beat, and the Storm murmur round;

Not Man; with all his boasted Art and Care;
 Lives safer from th' Inclemency of Air,
 Tho' he a Louvre with vast Cost provide,
 A Monument of vain unbounded Pride.
 Ev'n what too often wastes our wretched Race;
 They never feel pale Poverty's Disgrace;
 But in the blooming Seasons hoard their Store,
 In common live, nor proudly wish for more.
 Equality and Concord warm each Breast,
 By Love of Public Good supremely blest.

Their just Ambition seeks no higher Claim
 Than from their fragrant Art one common Fame;
 With

With Providence to found a prosp'rous State,
And fill up by a glorious Race their Fate.

Their useful Labours have a steady Plan,
Unequall'd yet by all the Thought of Man,
Whose sweet successive Cares their Time employ,
And crown their Lives with Harmony and Joy.

The Youth their Labour in the Morn renew,
And sip the Flow'rs impearl'd with Brilliant Dew;
The Senate in the Hive expecting dwell,
And lodge th' imported Treasure in its Cell;
In Day's warm Blaze the busy Nation fly,
And plunder blooming Flow'rs of various Dye.
But at the cool Approach of gloomy Night,
Take to the fragrant Hive their timely Flight;
Cautious avoid the cloudy dark'ning Sky,
And quick prefaging to their City fly.

When first the Morning darts its beaming Rays,
And the wak'd Lark tunes sweet his warbling Lays;
The

The Elders, with soft Sleep no longer blest,
 Break off the lazy Youth's protracted Rest;
 Who shake their Wings, and with a buzzing Sound,
 In quest of Honey search the Meadows round;
 Now on the Cowslips, now the Hawthorn prey,
 And sweat and toil in the bright Blaze of Day,
 Nor miss one balmy Flow'r in all their Way,

Small Glangors in the Hive new Courage yield,
 And urge them with fresh Vigour to the Field.

'Tis pleasant to observe in the pure Air,
 How thick they fly with thoughtful busy Care;
 In crossing Lines seem mutually to play,
 But lose no Moment of the shining Day,

See! how they light upon each Flow'r in View,
 And from the Calix suck the balmy Dew,
 With Diligence each op'ning Gem explore,
 And in their Bag the Golden Treasure store.

Nor

Nor when with Honey satiate, homeward fly,
 But still industrious load with Wax their Thigh;
 Which rises from the Flow'r like yellow down,
 Or on the Turn-sole with a glossy Brown.

But if a Bee more fortunate should light
 On a sweet Field with vernal Honours bright,
 He to his Sociates strait makes known the Prey,
 And to the fragrant Booty leads the Way;
 Thick they descend o'er all the shining Dale,
 And from ten Thousand Flow'rs the sweets inhale;
 The rich Perfumes expand themselves around,
 And o'er the Meadow's heard a buzzing Sound.
 But when the Sky unsettled does appear,
 And the Bees judge a drizzling Show'r is near,
 In Haste they load with Wax their dented Thigh,
 And to the friendly neighb'ring Covert fly;
 There better the collected Mass prepare,
 And trusting to the clearer shining Air,
 You'll see them in bright flow'ry Powders roll'd,
 Ent'ring the Hive all ting'd with dusty Gold.

In the sweet Rosy Spring the Bees delight,
 And to the blooming Meadows take their Flight,
 There with a mutual Emulation strive
 To gather Honey for the common Hive,
 While in the beamy wide-perfuming Morn,
 Sweet balmy Dews hang on the fragrant Thorn,
 And Odours from the painted Meadows rise,
 That charm the Smell, and fill the ambient Skies.

You'll view them, e'er the pearly Dews exhale,
 Spread o'er the Lawn, and buz o'er all the Vale,
 But when no Nectar the scorch'd Flow'rs supply,
 Or waxen Burthens for the gilded Thigh,
 They dawby Gums collect, and slimy Juice,
 Against the wintry Cold of sov'reign Use;
 With subtle Thought exclude the beating Rain,
 Or driving Snow, that whitens all the Plain;
 Industrious fill each little Chink with Care,
 Against the Insect, or the chilling Air.

Hence

Hence 'tis they Firmness to the whole contrive,
And fix their artful Combs within the Hive.

What with more Wonder may the Mind suspend,
From each Side of their Head two Hands extend,
With which they pull the waxy Down, and free
The clinging Gum from the rough-rinded Tree:
By these that Structure to their Combs impart
Which far excels *Palladio's* boasted Art.

The Bees, who loaded at the Dome arrive,
First store the Golden Honey in the Hive,
Then from their sep'rate Cells suspended cling,
And buz and flutter with a trembling Wing.
Immediately you'll see the others come,
With Signs of Gladness to the Lab'ers Hum,
Then pick the waxen Treasure from the Thigh,
And back the Lab'rer cuts the smiling Sky,
Triumphant o'er the flow'ry Kingdom reigns,
And tributary makes the blooming Plains.

But while the Youth pour o'er the shining Field;
 And the sweet-smelling Cowslips Forage yield,
 The Seniors in the public Care have Part,
 And form the angled Cells with curious Art;
 Or, for the Young prepare the downy Bed,
 And soft the od'rous flow'ry Powder spread.
 For if they early in the Summer's Days,
 Begin the Structure of their Comb to raise,
 Before descends the golden Globe of Light,
 And o'er the shaded Landſchape ſteals the Night,
 Four Thouſand Cells their Diligence declare,
 A Monument of nice inſtinctive Care!

Each has his Task; this makes the City's Walls,
 On this the ſhapeleſs Wax to Labour calls;
 Another, for mechanic Judgment known,
 Reviews the Buildings of the waxen Town;
 That none with uſeleſs Weight o'erbear the reſt,
 But all alike be in Proportion preſt.

Others

Others obsequious th' Artift's Steps purfue,
 And give by Order the Proportion due;
 Here add, and there with Caution take away,
 And Skill perfective, beyond Man's, difplay.

While fome are bufy in a nicer Art,
 And glaze and polifh the fweet Cells with Art;

No City, with proud Heav'n-afcending Spires,
 The human Mind with jufter Caufe admires,
 Than that nice Art by which the Bees contrive
 The curious Combs within the ftrawy Hive,
 And that Variety of ufeul Ways
 Which thro' the Citadel the Swarm conveys.

Left in the Summer Heats the Honey run,
 Diffolv'd with Ardors of too warm a Sun,
 Thin waxen Lids they artfully compofe,
 And each Partition, fill'd with Honey, clofe:
 But leave fome open for the Royal Fare,
 Or all, if Winds and Rain difturb the Air.

Nor

Nor stately Cities with more prudent Pains
 By Conduits free the Streets from filthy Stains,
 Than they with artful Cleanliness contrive,
 To free from noisome Smells the fragrant Hive.

They let no Ordure in their Dwelling lye,
 Or any Nufance to offend the Eye;
 But when the vital Spirit once is fled,
 They mournful strait export their Kindred Dead.
 You'll see them to the doleful Office come,
 And gather round with a sad Dirge-like Hum,
 Then to the recent Corpse their Strength apply,
 And with the decent Fun'ral cut the Sky;
 Soon with the Burden light upon the Ground,
 And heap the crumbling Earth and Sand around.

If the foul nauseous Snail, with horned Pride,
 And slimy Tracts, into the Hive should glide,
 The nice and cleanly Insects in Amaze
 Upon the nasty frightful Stranger gaze,

With

With pointed Stings the common Foe surround,
 That draws his Body from the painful Wound,
 And hides his frothy Substance in his Shell,
 But is not safe within his native Cell;
 The Bees a waxen Stratagem compose,
 And in a Tomb the living Monster close,
 Thus they deprive their Enemy of Breath,
 And stop the foul Effluvia after Death.

But seldom can the Foe an Entrance find,
 So vigilant's the bold industrious kind.
 The Guardian Bees in mutual Office wait,
 With ready Stings before the City's Gate,
 And if War threatens, they united drive
 The bold Invaders from the fragrant Hive.

The Worm, or Butterfly with gaudy Wings,
 Strait falls a Victim to a Thousand Stings.

Shou'd the speck'd Lizard, with unequal Might,
 Th' industrious Race with sudden Danger fright,

Pale

Pale Fear and Terror spread the quick Alarm,
 And call, to share the Danger, all the Swarm;
 Immediately in Ranks they press along,
 And dauntless Heroes head the buzzing Throng;
 Assault the Foe, and boldly dare to dye,
 Or make the Felon from his Plunder fly.

But if a Bee within its Mansion stay,
 Fatigu'd with Labours of the painful Day;
 Or Sickness make him droop his feeble Wing,
 And of sweet Flow'rs a dull Oblivion bring;
 Spontaneous balmy Honey they present,
 Rich Food with kind affectionate Intent.

Yet shou'd they by a Proof convincing find
 The Bee obnoxious to a lazy Mind;
 Severe by Death they punish the Misdeed,
 For Sloth will tremble, if the Idle bleed.

Nor do the Female Troops of *Thrace* obey
 With humbler Care their Queen's despotic Sway,

Than

Than the submissive Bees the Royal Mind,
Which absolute, is always just and kind.

Meer Instinct, to the Shame of human Race!
Ne'er groan'd beneath tyrannical Disgrace.

Distinctive Honours in the Regent shine,
To shew the Virtues of the scepter'd Line,
A whitish Circlet crowns her Royal Head,
And with bright golden Spots her Wings are spread.
A larger Size commands Respect and Awe,
Grandeur alone can vulgar Rev'rence draw.
But yet no Terrors of a larger Sting
Dire Fears to the laborious Insects bring,
Superior Goodness finds a just Reward,
And publick Love is a perpetual Guard.
On her depends the Welfare of the State,
And the Bees droop at her approaching Fate,
Obsequious flock their languid Monarch round,
Their Grief expressing in a plaintive Sound.

But if by Death to the *Elysian* Shade
 The much-lamented Royal Ghost's convey'd;
 In stately Pomp the honour'd Body lies,
 And all the Hive is fill'd with mournful Cries.
 In Grief persisting, anxious they complain,
 Nor from their publick Sorrow will refrain;
 Unless with prudent Care your Hand remove
 The Object of the Nation's lasting Love.

They then exalt the Heir to Royal State,
 And round the new-made Queen in Honour wait,
 Busy again their fragrant Work renew,
 And sip from ev'ry Flow'r the pearly Dew.

But tho' despotic Sway the Regent claim,
 No pointed Weapon arms the martial Dame,
 Left ardent in the foremost Ranks of Fight,
 She lavish her own Life for publick Right.

If while the beamy Sun with Splendor crown'd,
 Makes gay the od'rous Spring-enamell'd Ground,
 And

And gentle Zephyrs fan the Honey'd Trees,
 With the soft Tremor of a vernal Breeze,
 The Queen delights to sport in the pure Day,
 And to the golden Sun her Wings display;
 Thick fly the Guards attendant at her Side,
 And ardent throng around with duteous Pride:
 The Royal Will observe, or meet their Fate
 Spontaneous, to preserve in her the State,
 Shou'd Swallows darting in their airy Way
 Threaten to make the Queen their sudden Prey.

But, in the Palace, tho' the publick Love
 All Danger from the Sov'reign far remove,
 Yet at the Court the Guards successive wait,
 Who stand in Pomp before the Royal Gate;
 And when the Queen vouchsafes the Works to view,
 Or by her Presence publick Zeal renew,
 They move along for Royal Pomp and Show,
 And make the Vulgar at a Distance bow.

I'll now their num'rous Progeny relate,
 And all the Wonders of the Female State.

Full fifteen Thousand Bees one Hive supplies,
 That try with Novice Wings each Year the Skies;
 Two golden Colonies two Swarms compose,
 Others support the State from which they rose;
 And what I know incredible will seem,
 They're all the Offspring of one fertile Queen.
 This Truth not ev'n the *Mantuan* Poet knew
 That search'd with piercing Eye all Nature thro';
 Found why the Ocean swells, and then subsides,
 And pours from Pole to Pole the rushing Tides;
 What makes the various Seasons of the Year,
 And with propitious Rays kind Stars appear,
 That shine alternate in the rolling Sphere.

Four Days inanimate the Eggs remain
 But then begin the vital Pow'r to gain,

In a Worm's Shape the Bee first strikes the Eyes,
 And in that Form four Days successive lies,
 While milky Juice the Embryo's Food supplies.

In the ninth Day a perfect Bee appears,
 And Nature on its Feet the Insect rears;
 Two little flutt'ring Wings adorn each Side,
 And soon it sprightly shines with glossy Pride.

If the cold Season and inclement Sky
 Shou'd to the Foetus proper Warmth deny,
 The Embryo's Cells in Throngs the Bees surround
 With quiv'ring Wings, and make a murm'ring
 Sound;
 By frequent Motion warm the fragrant Hive,
 And their dear Offspring keep by Art alive.

Careful they for their Young the Cells compose,
 And with sweet od'rous Wax the Entrance close
 Against the Inj'ries of too piercing Air,
 But Honey leave for their delicious Fare.
 Which when consum'd, the lab'ring Bee with Pains
 Thro' the corroded Wax its Freedom gains;
 Views with Amazement the sweet chearing Light,
 And fixes on the Golden Combs its Sight;

With .

With Pleasure fees the Partners of its Toil,
 And hastes with Transport to the flow'ry Spoil;
 Exulting o'er the smiling Meadows flies,
 And ev'ry fragrant Gem and Blossom tries;
 With sociate Bands returns in Triumph home,
 And stores the golden Treasure in its Comb;
 So soon its full Perfection Instinct gains,
 Which scarce in Years the human Mind attains!

When now the Hive too populous appears,
 And the wise Regent a Sedition fears,
 She strait exhorts the Youth their Lot to try,
 And boldly travel thro' the vernal Sky,
 Wing to some Rock or clefted Tree their Way,
 And the Foundation of an Empire lay.

The youthful Queen each gen'rous Bosom fires
 With glorious Hopes, and to the Throne aspires,

Strait little Clangors give the shrill Alarm,
 And animate the young advent'rous Swarm;
 They

They flock their new-elected Queen around,
 And pant for Glory at the martial Sound :
 Their blooming Monarch view with keen Delight,
 And for the March prepare, or arduous Fight.

No fragrant Labours now the Hive employ,
 But Gain gives Place to Grief and anxious Joy,
 The sociate Bees with pensive Sorrow part,
 And melancholy shews the throbbing Heart.
 But the new Object of the publick Love
 Marshals her Swarm, in Readiness to move,
 Then with a Guard select she boldly flies,
 And fills with thronging Legions all the Skies:
 They o'er the shining Meadows shape their Way,
 But keep their Ranks, nor make the Flow'rs their
 Prey,

Then on some blossom'd Hedge or Tree alight,
 And meditate the Progress of their Flight.

Always some ancient Bees with prudent Care
 Direct their Journey thro' the tractless Air,

Point

Point out in the first Ranks the dubious Way,
 And teach them when to shun a stormy Day
 In an arch'd Rock, or aged Tree decay'd,
 Nor with the rising Tempest be dismay'd;
 But by their Prudence angry Skies defeat,
 'Till they can chuse their future Empire's Seat.

Then soon their artful waxen Combs they raise,
 And ardent emulate each other's Praise,
 Suck ev'ry Flow'r, fly o'er the scented Fields,
 And gather all the Sweet the Summer yields:
 With blooming Thyme and Cassia load their Thigh,
 And to the Hive in youthful Triumph fly:
 While all the Dome rich Essences exhales,
 That spread around with the soft wafting Gales.

How pleasant in the balmy blushing Morn,
 When Birds sing round on ev'ry flow'ry Thorn,
 To see the busy Lab'ers cut the Sky,
 O'er all the Garden pour, the Meadows fly!

And

And free from Envy by their Labours strive
 Who shall enrich the most the common Hive:
 Such is th' Employment of their happy Days,
 And such their Title to immortal Praise!

But if a pow'rful Neighbour take th' Alarm,
 And treat with Insult the industrious Swarm,
 They'll not their Depredations tamely bear,
 But boldly fly into the open Air,
 Their Enemy to doubtful War invite,
 Nor fear to risk their Lives for publick Right,

You'll sudden hear above a martial Sound,
 And see the thick'ning Legions throng around,
 The Signal giv'n, they join with Shouts of War,
 And a hoarse murm'ring Din is spread afar,
 The Leaders fly thro' all the Ranks of Fight,
 And make their Subjects scorn inglorious Flight.
 They rush: And thick as Leaves in Autumn fly
 Born by the chilly Winds along the Sky,

D

They

They drop, they fall: No Thought of Coward Acts,
 They court the publick Love by publick Facts,
 You'll see them in a furious Onset close,
 Thousands their Lives, but none their Honour lose,
 Till Right and Courage just Advantage gain,
 And half the hostile Swarm o'erspread the Plain.

Ah! thus, my Country, thus I wish to see
 Thee over-proud of virtuous Liberty;
 Always assisting boldly the oppress'd,
 And, ah! at length by publick Concord bless'd.



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